

THE

2

COBLER
OF
PRESTON.
AN
OPERA,

As it is Acted at the
New BOOTH in *Dublin*,
With great APPLAUSE.

Sutor ultra Crepidam.

HOR.



DUBLIN:

Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER in *Essex-street*,
opposite to the *Bridge*, MDCCXXXII.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Charles Briton, a Country Gentleman.	} Master Oates.				
Capt. Jolly, his Friend.	Master Barns.				
Servants to Sir Cha. Briton, dress'd in Spanish Habits, by the Names of	<table> <tr> <td>} Lorenzo,</td><td>} Master Roan.</td></tr> <tr> <td>} Diego,</td><td>} Master Fitzgerald.</td></tr> </table>	} Lorenzo,	} Master Roan.	} Diego,	} Master Fitzgerald.
} Lorenzo,	} Master Roan.				
} Diego,	} Master Fitzgerald.				
Huntsman.	Master Fitzgerald.				
Constable.	Master White.				
Butler to Sir Charles.	Master Lafaire.				
Countryman.	Master Woffington.				
Kit Sly, a drunken Cocker.	Master Peters.				
Betty, Chamber-Maid to Sir Charl. dress'd for a Spanish Princess.	} Miss Corberry.				
Joan, Kit Sly's Wife.	Miss Violante.				
Cicely Gundy, a Country Ale Wife.	Miss Woffington.				

SCENE, Sir Charles's House, and the Road before it, with the Cocker's Hovel, and the Constable's House.

Time of Action, from Nine in the Morning 'till Ten at Night.



THE



T H E

Cobler of Preston's OPERA.

ACT I. SCENE *the Road.*

The COBLER solus, half drunk, with a Flaggon of Ale in his Hand.

C O B L E R.

I'Faith *Kit*, thou hast play'd thy Part mainly well;
 —thou hast taken Care of one honest Fellow,
 (*stroaking his Belly.*) These Politicks and March-
 Beer, go well down together. So, so, then, bear
 up old Heart of Oak—well, as I was a-saying, we
 Coblers have been the ablest Politicians in all
 Ages—why, there was old King *Harry* had a Cobler in
 Cabinet-Council; a shrew'd Dog I warrant you—and
Crispin and *Crispianus* themselves, were most excellent
 Coblers—and, I think, *Kit Sly*, simple as he appears, as
 great as any of 'em all, in his own Way—he's not for
 your dry Politicks—no, no, his Politicks are like Plants,
 they must be water'd well before they grow, (*drinks.*)
 for which Reason he stands firm to the Bottom of the
 best Butt of Beer in Squire What-d'ye-call'um's Cellar.

A I R

AIR I. *Bottle of good Claret.*

No Thirst for Chink shall break my rest,
 Nor Frowns of Fortune grieve me,
 For when with greatest Cares oppress,
 This Flaggon can relieve me. [Embracing the Flaggon,
 Thus ev'ry Day I'll drink my Pot,
 I'll live an honest drunken Sot—
 Thus stand my Ground and Guard, Sir—
 Nor at my Wife—be scar'd, Sir—

Enter Cicely Gundy and Alice.

Cic. Out you Knave! a Pair of Stocks, Sirrah! a Whipping-Post, you Rogue! a Whipping-Post!

Cob. You are a Baggage: Look'ee, say'n what you will of me, but don't disporridge my Family.—The Slys came in with Richard the Conqueror, and so let the World slide, Sessa. [Fencing with his Stick.

Cic. Sirrah, Sirrah! Will you pay for the Mugs you have broke?

Cib. No, not a single Farthing, honest Cicely, [chucking her under the Chin.] I will live upon free Quarter, do'st not know, Housewife, that I am free of all the Ale and Beef in England. I will have no Reckonings paid at all—'tis downright Abomination, Heresy—your sober small Beer Penitents shall pay the Scot—I will tax them at my Will and Pleasure, Huzza—he that can't leap a five Bar Gate, knows nothing of Generalship—

Alice. Mercy, Father! what a Pickle is he in!

Cic. Well, Kit, I know my Remedy, Kit, I'll e'en fetch the Constable, you—

AIR II. *O're Scroggy, a're Boggy.*

Ah vile ungracious Kit!

Get Home and read your Psalter!

I prithee learn a little Wit,

To keep thee from the Halter!

The COBLER of PRESTON'S OPERA.

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*I'll make thee, Knave,
When e'er I crave,
Pay ev'ry Debt that's due in,
If Law, or Spight
Will do me Right,
I'll never cease pursuing.*

[Exit Cicily in a Fury, attended by Alice.]

Kit. Give me some more Drink, you old dry Puttock—
Why let the Constable come, I'll Answer him by Law,
I'll not budge an Inch, What are you for that Sport?
Have at you, *[Draws a Blw, and falls down.]* well, you
have conquer'd me, I see—I surrender—Here, House,
a double Flaggon, score it— *[Falls asleep.]*

*Enter Sir Charles Briton, Squire Jolly, Huntsmen, and
Servants, as from Hunting.*

Sir Cha. I was never more disappointed in my Life,
the Morning promised us good Sport.

AIR III. Bright God of Day.

*When the bright Morning Sun,
His Progress begun,
It gave us a Prospect of Sport,
When sudden in Clouds,
His Beauty he shrouds,
Like fraudulent Smiles of a Court.*

Capt. Jolly. How thick the Mists fell, and puzzled
the Scent.

Sir Cha. Yet for all that *Bellman* made it good at
yon' Hedge Corner, in the coldest Fault.

Capt. Jolly. I think *Ringwood* is as good a Dog as he,
for twice to-Day I observed him to pick out the faint-
test Scent. What's here, one Dead or Drunk! *[Observes
the Cbler.]* Look—does the Fellow breath?—

Hunts. Yes, Sir, he breaths—if he were not well
warm'd within Side, this would be a cold Bed this hazy
Weather—Hah! why, Sir, this is drunken Neigh-
bour *Kit*— *Sir*

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Sir *Cha.* This Rascal is the greatest Politician and the greatest Sot in our Parish, Mr. *Folly*—his Head is perpetually confounded with the Fumes of Ale and Faction—

Capt. *Folly.* His Habit shows him a Cobler.

Sir *Cha.* Even so; but he has laid aside cobbling of Shoes to mend our Constitution.

Capt. *Folly.* Our Constitution has been too much handled by such Fellows as these, who have, of late Years, been the Journeymen to a Set of merry Statesmen, that turn'd all Government into a Jest—

A I R IV. *Blankets and Pins.*

*Whenever the great Ones a Faction begin,
And cancel Allegiance to pull down the State,
The complaisant Rabbels are sure to come in,
For who wou'd not copy the Modes of the Great,
The Modes of the Great,
The Modes of the Great,
The Modes of the Great.
The complaisant Rabbels are sure to come in,
For who wou'd not copy the Modes of the Great.*

Sir *Cha.* This Fellow has fancy'd himself of some Consequence a great while, and has been extremely troublesome and factious; there has been hardly any Iniquity committed in this Country, but this drunken Knave has had a Finger in—What if we should take this Opportunity to punish him a little, and practice upon him for our Diversion?

Capt. *Folly.* As how?

Sir *Cha.* Suppose we should convey him thus drunk and senseless as he is, to my House, and lodge him in the best Apartment, strip him of his Rags, change his Linnen, and put him in a Down-Bed, and order him to be attended in every respect as a Man of Quality: Will it not strangely amaze him when he awakes, to find his Condition so wonderfully alter'd?

Capt. *Folly.* It must surprize him, and make his Behaviour entertaining.

Sir

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Sir Cha. We'll put the Project in Execution this Instant. *John and William*, do you take up that Corps, and bear it into the best Chamber—and do as I have said—I'll follow and give farther Directions. [*Exit.*]

SCENE *the Hall in Sir Charles's House, Peter and Richard, two Servants.*

Pet. To be sure the Butler is dead drunk, and fast asleep in the Pantry; how shall we get Things in order against my Master comes Home? for it has struck Ten.

[*Richard, to John and Will, entering with the Cobler.*]

Hey Day!—What have we here, *John*?

John. A sleeping Tun of strong Beer, *Peter*, that's all—

Pet. Whither do you carry him?

John. Open the great Chamber, let the best Bed be sheeted, for here is your Lord and Master, Man, for this Day.

Pet. My Lord and Master! What is the Fellow wild, tro'?

Enter Sir Charles and Mr. Jolly.

Sir Cha. Ay, it shall be so, who waits there? bid the Butler bring a Bottle of Wine.

Pet. Sir, he is a little indispos'd.

Sir Cha. Eternal Sot—always drunk—is it not so?

Pet. A little disguis'd, Sir.

Sir Cha. Where is he?

Pet. Asleep in the Pantry.

Sir Cha. Asleep, say you? let me see, I have a thought, Mr. *Jolly*, now strikes me, what if we shou'd Dress this drunken Butler in the Cobler's Cloaths, and lay him in the very Place we found the Cobler.

Jolly. It may improve our Mirth, and thicken our Plot with variety of Circumstances.

Enter William and John.

Sir Cha. Have you bestowed the Cobler as I directed?

Will.

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Will. He is fast a-sleep in the best Bed.

Sir Cha. Hark'e, strip the Butler this Moment of his Livery, and dress him in the Cöbler's Habit, when you have done this, carry him and lay him down in the very Place we found *Kit Sly*-----and do you hear, bid all your Fellow-servants come hither instantly.

[*Exeunt John and Will.*

Jolly. What a flattering Dream will this poor Fellow think has laid hold on him, when he awakes!

Sir Cha. Where are those *Spanish*-masking Suits, I bespoke for last *Christmas*?

Serv. In the Wardrobe, Sir.

Sir Cha. Each of you, instantly, put on one of those *Spanish* Habits, and so disguise your Features, that you may not readily be discover'd.

Serv. Hey-day, what Gambols are we to play now?

[*Aside.*

Sir Cha. That done, place your selves all round the Cöbler's Bed, perfume the Apartment where he lies; attend him as his Servants, wait on him, obey all his Commands, and call him your Lord——let him have Musick when he wakes, and bid *Betty* the Chambermaid, take the *Spanish* Princess's Dress; and personate his Lady, and let her call him Lord and Husband——

Serv. This will be pure Sport, Efakins?

2d Serv. Adad, I shall never hold from laughing——

Sir Cha. Come, Mr. *Jolly*, while these Things are preparing, we will walk in, and refresh our selves.

A I R V. Fairy Queen.

Come, come, with Brimmers, with Brimmers

We'll cheer our Souls;

To-day is ours——let's drink away,

The Wheel of Life for none will stay;

Nor Sorrow,

Nor Sorrow,

Nor Sorrow,

Nor Sorrow,

Shall mingle with our Bowls.

[*Exeunt Omnes*

SCENE

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— SCENE the Road.

The Butler in the Cobler's Cloaths, dead drunk.

Cicely, Alice, and Constable.

Cic. Ah! Mr. Constable, he is the most harlotry Knave alive! at least fourteen or fifteen Pence on my Score! then he swaggers so when he is in his Eale, he beats my Customers, he breaks my Mugs, and then he is so untowardly about State Matters—

Const. Well, well, Woman, what do'st thou charge him with?

Cic. It was but the last Fear-Day, when he was bound over to the *Ty-Priest*, about breaking *Gaffer Hobson's* Head with our Pewter Flaggen, d'ye zee; as why, only because he called the Pope the Whore of *Babylon*, and you know *Gaffer Hobson* can't abide the Pope.

Const. What have I to do with the Story of *Gaffer Hobson* and the Pope? what do you charge him with, I say again?

Cic. Why, first, I charge him with Burglary.

Const. For what?

Cic. For calling his good Worship, Sir *Jeffery Freeman*, a Scematick, Presbyterian, and a Round Head.

Con. Very well, this is all Rem—but what do you charge him with farther?

Cic. Why then, I charge him with forswearing himself, and with Perjury, and with bearing false Witness.

Con. As how?

Cic. Why, for knocking down honest *Peter*, because *Peter* would not drink his Abomination Healths;—besides, he is guilty of the Statute of stabbing.

Const. How, Woman! guilty of the Statute of stabbing, say you?

Cic. Yes, I do say it, for being treacherously dispos'd towards my Daughter *Kitty*, in the Hay-rick—*Nolens*, Violence I protest—

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A I R VI. John Blunt—

*Cic. sings. With Sword in Haund, he laid her doon,
And would have kill'd my Child, Sir;
Oh the Honeyfukle Gibon!
Poor Kitty was beguiled, Sir.*

*But blefs my Stars! as I came by—
And seeing how the Case was,
I made the Rogue, the Villain fly—
Nay yonder, Mon, the Place was.*

Cic. So I pray you, good Master Constable, that he may be comprehended as an aspitious Person.

Const. Well, well, he shall be forth-coming. Here, Richard Sloath, take the Prisoner upon your Back, and carry him to my House—when he a-wakes he shall be examin'd. (carry off the Butler) But you must make Oath of these Things, Woman.

Cic. Ay, that I will, take the Book Oath on't.

Const. Very well, very well, To-morrow Morning, when the Cobler has recover'd his Understanding, d'ye see, I will translate him to Sir Charles Briton's, where he shall be examined, solus cum solo; and thou shalt be consol'd about the Fractures in your own and your Daughter's Pitcher.

[Exeunt Cicely and Alice.

Well, good Madam Cicely, my Master Sir Charles, may hap, is a good sound Lawyer, and if he once gets you into his noisy Markets, you may stay there long enough an' you han't Money to buy yourself out again.

A I R VII. Tipling Philosophers,

*Whoever on Lawyers would spend
His Treasure, to canvass his Cause,
Employs but a Tinker to mend
His Kettle, who doubles the Flaws.*

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*The Law is an intricate Net,
And he that is caught in it feels,
The more he would struggle and fret,
The faster he's ty'd by the Heels.*

SCENE *an Antichamber.*

*Sir Charles dress'd like a Spanish Doctor, and two Servants.
as Spaniards.*

Sir Cha. So, so, I see you are dress'd, are all the rest ready?

Serv. They are now attending round the Bed; he just now lifted up his Eye-lids, and yawn'd—and then clos'd them again for another Nap—will your Worship please to have the Door set open?

Sir Cha. By all Means, but be sure you give him no Reason, by over-acting your Parts, or any unseasonable Laughter, to suspect the Deceit.

[The Door's open'd, the Cobler discover'd in a rich Bed, Servants on each side the Stage, some preparing Tea, others Chocolate, against his Levee.]

Kit. (yawning) Heigh ho! a Pot of small Ale Joan, for Heaven's Sake—make haste, Woman—*(looks about him in surprize)* Hey-day! What! Why sure I'm awake—Ad—I don't like those Fellows, they look a little suspicious, however, I dare not speak. *(sneaks his Head under the Cloaths.)*

Lorenzo enters) Is my Lord awake, *Diego*?

Diego softly.) *Lorenzo* softly, he sleeps still—Heaven grant, this sweet Refreshment may do him good—

Lor. His Majesty sent to know how he rested last Night—

Dieg. Better than usual—how greatly the King honours him.

Kit. The King sent to know how I rested, here is some damn'd Blunder now made—*(observes the Bed much)* O'd, I shall be hang'd, that's certain, I've stumbl'd into some Lord's Bed-Chamber, I don't know how—ay, set me up---and into his very Bed too.

Diego goes to the Bed, Kit sneaks under the Cloaths.

Dieg.

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Dieg. He sleeps still ; well, I see this Doctor will do Wonders ; if he recovers his Lordship, he will have a Gratuity of some Thousands a Year from the King, for bringing back a Person of his Wisdom and Weight, to the Government.

Lor. 'Tis a Pity, so fine a Gentleman shou'd be thus disturb'd in his Head.

Kit. (*To himself*) A fine Gentleman---well now I'm easy, for I swear they don't mean me.

Dieg. (*Softly at his Curtain.*) My Lord---he sleeps yet---however, order his Lordship's Band of Musick, gently to touch their Instruments, and awake him with the sweetest, softest Sounds of Harmony.

[*Musick plays; Kit hearing the Musick starts up, and looks out; the Servants observing him, fall on their Knees, afterwards rise up, and attend round the Bed, each with a different Suit of Cloaths.*

Dieg. (*goes to the Bed*) Your Lordship's Gown.

[*They put on his Gown, set him at the Foot of the Bed,*

Kit struggles, and seems much surpriz'd.

Kit. Ah Lord, Gentlemen, what d'ye geam a Body thus for, upon my Word I don't know how I came here, good Sirs ; indeed, I had no Design, its well known I am old *Kit Sly's* Son of *Wiggan*, born a Bedlar, and then translated into a Cobler.

A I R VIII. *Ineland's Lamentation.*

† I've liv'd in old *Wiggan* a Twelve-month, and more ;

Its well known I'm honest, although I am poor :

And Neighbours can witness, I ne'er in my Life

E'er cuss'd, or quarrel'd with any but *Wife*.

So worshipful Squires, I pray you hon'd ff,

Don't meddle, or make with so simple an Oaf.

† Holding up his Hands in a supplicant Manner.

Lr. This is but a Return of your unhappy Distracti-
on ; will your Lordship have some Chocolate, or Tea ?

Kit. Indeed, Friend, you mistake me now for a great Person.

Bar. Will your Lordship please to wear your Ash

co-

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colour'd Velvet; the *English* Brocade will be too hot and the *Persian* too cool.

Kit. Come, come, its well known I have no more Doublets than Backs, no more Stockings than Legs, nor Shoes than Feet, sometimes more Feet than Shoes, or such, may hap, as the Toes peep through the upper Leather.

Bart. This is what makes your Lady mourn, who was the fairest Creature in all *Spain*, till those Tears she shed for you, like wasting Floods o'erran her lovely Cheeks.

Kit. So, so, I've a Lady then, it seems, and handsome. — I'm not a-sleep, that's plain — Oh! Pox it wou'd be impertinent in me to doubt any longer — well, bring my Lady hither — and d'ye hear — bid her bring a Pot of Ale here.]Exit Bart.

Doctor. Might I presume, my Lord, that *English* Beer which you delight in, is too heavy for so slender a Constitution.

Kit. 'Ounds, you smutty mozzl'd Dung-broker, pretend to tell me strong Beer is not good for me, reach me that Ale, yonder; I'll put the Dog to Death — [Exit Doctor.] What — he's gone — with a-pox, Ad — if a Man did not pluck up a Spirit, I see —

Enter Betty with Attendants, as his Lady, and Doctor.

Lady. How fares my Lord?

Kit. In Fear enough; but where's my Wife?

Lady. Here my good Lord — your Lordship's Pleasure.

Kit. (turning her about.) A goodly Wench, i'faith, a *Bona-Roba* — now shall I know if this be a Dream, if you are really my Wife, why don't you call me Husband — these Scoundrels tell me, (the Servants bow) that I am a Lord, and your good Man.

Lady. My Husband and my Lord, my Lord and Husband, I am your dearest Wife in all Obedience.

Kit. Well, I am glad to hear it, but what must I call this fine Lady —

Pedro. Madam.

Kit. Alice Madam, or Joan Madam?

Pedro.

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Pedro. Madam, and nothing else, so Lords call their Ladies.

Kit. Well, Madam Wife, they tell me that I slept fifteen Years, or thereabouts—

Lady. A tedious Age to me, so long abandon'd from your Bed—

A I R IX. Believe my Sighs, my Tears, &c.

*While you were absent from my Sight,
What Tongue could tell my Pain;
How am I ravish'd with Delight!
To see my Love again.*

*The Linnet that in Winter drops,
His shiver'd drooping Wing,
From Spray to Spray thus joyous hops,
At the Return of Spring.*

Kit. Come, Madam Wife, then, before I take t'other Nap, undress your self, and come to Bed quickly.

Doctor. My honour'd Lord, that would endanger a Relapse; your Blood must be gently temper'd by Degrees; the Possession of a Woman now, would cause a Tumefaction, which would occasion an Inflammation, thereby give Birth to a Scarrification, which must end in a Mortification, which properly speaking is a Dissolution of Action, in Consequence whereof the Springs of Life stand still—the Vulgar call it Death (*spoken in Haste.*)

Kit. What again—you are a pragmatistical Rascal, let me tell you, to meddle in this Matter—come, Madam Wife, if we give Ear to this idle Fellow, may hap, I may turn a seven-Sleeper, and you may lie fallow fifteen Years longer.

Lady. Thrice noble Lord, let me entreat you, To pardon me for a Night, or two;
For your Physicians all agree in this,
'Tis certain your Distemper will return,
If I consent not to refrain your Bed.
I hope this Reason stands for my Excuse.—

Kit.

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Kit. Stand so——ay, that I can tarry no longer,
[Exit Lady.]

[*Kit staring about.*] What!——is she gone——well, I
am glad on it, for to say the Truth she was but a Temp-
tation to me since I could not have her——

A I R X. To you fair Ladies, &c.

*As when a Nurse her Child would pet,
"Take this my little Pig;"
The wayward Brat begins to fret,
And scorns the profer'd Fig.
Thus Women to their Lovers coy,
Will long, and yet refuse the Joy,
With a fal, la, &c.*

*The pious Brother of the Robe,
With very formal Face,
Who looks as meek as any Job,
Says no——and takes the Place;
So my true Love concludes that I
Should follow, when she's pleas'd to fly——
——With a fal, la, &c.*

Kit. Here, who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord——

Kit. A Pot of Ale, quickly, [Exit Servant.] Well,
honest Doctor, are you a Whig, or Tory? ——

Doct. What's that?

[Enter a Servant with Ale.]

[*Kit drinks.*] Here's to you——tro' I don't well know
but I have had the Devil to do in my Dreams about that
Matter.——Here comes my *Succabus*, the Devil in a
Woman's Shape, before I could drink two Horns round.

Enter

Kit.

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Enter Joan.

Joan. Oh, the Father! how they have dizen'd him! Why *Kit, Kit*, [*shaking him.*] Why does thou let them play their Gambols with thee, *Kit*?—

Kit. [*kicks Lorenzo.*] O'ons, you stiff-rump'd Pimp, my Wife! don't you see her?—

Lorenzo. Ah, my good Lord!

Joan. Go, you eternal Sor! never well but when the Lip and Cup meets together—go, go, [*to Lorenzo.*] you may be asheam'd, as it were, to keep a Woman's Husband here, ranting and ranting, when he should be pains-taking with his poor Wife at home.

Kit. Look'ee, Neighbours, I know the Woman well enough, she loves to tyrannize over her poor Man, till she be anointed—she is but like her Sex, most Wives require an Ounce of Oyl of Styrop to make them supple and tractable as Lambs—This to me, who am your redidary Lord and Husband. [*stralling and roaring.*]

Lorenzo. Who is it you talk to, my Lord?

Joan. Ah, zee what an Oaf they make thee, *Kit*! come home, you Sor, come home.

Kit. Pray, Neighbours, help me to a Strap about an Ell long, such as your Coblers use, dy'e hear—you shall see what sort of Discipline I used to dream I gave to just such a sort of Woman, when I was a seven Sleeper—

Joan. Let me come at him, I'll tear his Eyes out, a Rogue— [*She Attempts to fly at him, they hold her.*]

A I R XI. Poor Girls they'd jump at a Crust.

Come, prithee, good Joan,

Now let me alone;

To follow this princely Vocation,

In spite of my Fate

I mean to be great,

And settle myself and the Nation, you Fade,

let me tell you.

She.

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She. Go, go, you vile Sot!
 He. I matter thee not!
 She. Was ever poor Woman so slighted!
 He. Thy Fortune is made!
 She. Go follow your Trade!
 He. I won't, for I mean to be knighted, you Fade,
 let me tell you.

She. A whipping Post Knight!
 He. Get out of my sight!
 She. Thou Traytor, thou mark thy sad ending!
 He. I'll new vamp the State,
 The Church I'll translate,
 Old Shoes are no m.re worth the mending,
 you Fade, let me tell you.

Lorenzo. [*pushes Joan.*] What is the Woman mad to disturb his Lordship—Why, I tell thee, thy Husband is drunk in Possession of the Constable—go to him and satisfy thy self. [*drives her out.*]

Kit. Heaven be praised she is gone!

Diego. Who is gone, my Lord? here was nobody.

Lorenzo. How his Imagination abuses him!

Kit. 'Tis an evil Spirit, that haunts me Morning, Noon, and Night—and so, you say my Wife was not here—hah!

Diego. Ah, my good Lord!

Kit. Why I only ask, 'tis very well—I am in mighty whimsical Circumstances; very whimsical Circumstances.

Lorenzo. My Lord, the Dancers attend as you order'd them—

Kit. I order'd them!—it may be so—come as they will, they shan't intercept my Mirth; come, my Boys, sit down, we'll drink till our Heads turn round as fast as their Heels.

[*While the Dance is performing, Kit drinks fast about, and is very drunk—then whistles the Air of the Dance.*]

Country-Dance, Lads of Duncce.

Kit. Rub-a-dub—Rumps and Round Heads—down with the Rump—and yet I won't rebel, because I hate the Government—or rather that there should be no Go-

vernment at all—(*belches*) look'ee, I'm for passive Obedience, and *non-Resistance*, and so I will knock every Body down, and be Subject to no body—I am likewise for Liberty and Property—that is, declare for a Spunge and no Taxes; and in order to bring this about, I pronounce my self a Doxy Member of that Church, that can forgive all my Sins, past, present, and to come—and so, *Diego*, good Night—(*falls a-sleep*)

Sir Cha. So, his Lordship is finish'd—hah, hah, hah!

Folly. He has perform'd beyond our Hopes.

Sir Cha. (*to the Servants*) Well, now take his Lordship up, and carry him off, and convey him to his own dirty Hovel, lay him in his Bed—his Wife is abroad, she is now searching for him at the Constable's House: Let us see how we may yet work upon him, when he returns to his Original Shape.

Folly. The Delusion is so strong, I believe we may prolong it still.

Diego. Away with him. (*Servants carry him off.*)

Loren. Come, my Lord, to your Stirrop and Hammer once more.

Sir Cha. In the mean Time, let us not forget the Sirloyn of Beef I order'd to be ready by three: That will be the chief of your Dinner, Mr. *Folly*, with a Flask of sprightly *Burgundy*, to drink his Majesty's Health, and Royal Family.

A I R XII. Yellow Stockings.

*I'm happy in easy Fruition,
To Statesmen, nor Minion, nor Sport,
Then who would exchange my Condition,
For any Dependance on Court.*

*Content, a true Friend's Conversation,
A Glass of good Claret in Store;
These crown'd with a just Inclination,
What Sycophant Courtier has more:*

The End of the First ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE *The Constable's House.*

The Butler in the Cobler's Cloaths, dead drunk.

(Butler raises his Head.)

But. **D**ICK, Dick! lay the Cloath—whet the Knives, I'll come presently, I tell you—I'm a little busy, very busy—

Enter the Constable, follow'd by Joan.

But. (belches) Ah Lud, Ah Lud!—don't spill the Salt that way.—*(throws some of it in the Fire.)*

Const. Marry, tro, what a Howling is here, is the Woman wild: There lies the Furniture of your best Bed, take your Government on your Shoulders, Woman—march off with your Head on your Back—you know his Weight pretty well, I suppose.

Joan. Ah! 'tis a filthy Pig, always wallowing in the Wash; what the Dickens—why surely, the Ale they gave me at the Hall-House, dazzled my Eyes and Ears, that I took a Lord there for our Kit, and made such a Noise—Efakins, I'm almost asham'd as it were.

Const. Away with your Rubbish, I say remove your Lumblar.

Joan. Ah! 'tis our Kit sure enough; I'll ring him such a Peal when he's sober, as it were—I pray you now, good Master Constable, let him nap his Nap out—and I'll borrow Neighbour Noddalest's Wheel—borrow To-morrow for 'en, and roul 'en home as well as I can.

Const. Do so, and drive him home in Triumph. Hear you me, good Woman! thy Husband is guilty of no Crime, but what Justice may wink at—for our whole Country consists of walking Vessels of October; now to accuse one Vassel to another, for no other Reason but he-
ing

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ing full, wou'd be down-right false Heraldry—I am a Magistrate, and have some Wisdom. Away, away.

SCENE, a Cobler's Stall on one Side of the Stage, and a little poor Bed on the other. Kit in Bed.

Where are all my Varlets—here Don *Pedro*, Don Scoundrels, where are you all. I'll have their Body Cloaths stripp'd off, and turn'd out to Grass——Hah! what-a-Mischief—why this is my old Flock Hammock, and there my spacious Shop of a Yard long, too—and there is my Awl—but where is *Joan*?—mad, as sure as a Gun——Pho, Pox! I'm always undervaluing myself; this but one of my old Quandaries they tell me of—*(whistles)* where a-Vengeance are you all——no Answer—now am I consumedly puzzled, to know whether I dream't, or whether I am a-sleep, and dream now, or whether it was not really all a Dream from Beginning to Ending? Whether I am my Lord, what d'ye call him, or *Kit* the Cobler, some Body, or no body——

A I R XIII. Old Sir *Simon* the King, &c.

*Dame Fortune's a turbulent Fade,
That loves to be ever in Motion;
Now smooth as a Lake in a Glade,
Now rough as the Waves of the Ocean:*

*But tho' she's as fickle as Wind,
And false as a true Politician,*

*She never can alter my Mind,
Howe'er she may change my Condition.*

For I who was lately arrayed,

In a Lord's from a Cobler's Apparel,

High-rais'd from a second-hand Trade,

While drunk with the Fumes of the Barrel;

Am restor'd to my primitive Stall,

To my Last, to my Awl, to my End, Sir,

And now am as happy withal,

For Coblers and Lords are but Men, Sir,

Enter

Enter Joan.

Kit. Hold, here comes some Body will interpret my Dreams with a Vengeance.

Joan. (*busy sweeping and setting the Room to right.*) Was there ever such a Sor; all the Neighbours cry Shame on 'em—would he were here, I'd rattle him—good Lack, what a Litter this Shop is in—we have a World of Work, and not one Stutch set yet—*Peter Hobson's* Shoe'n to be tapp'd, and the Curate's Shoes to be soal'd—a Rogue, he will never mind his Stitching for all the poor Wife can say'n or do'n—(*Joan seeing the Cobler, is surpriz'd*) Oh Lud. Thieves—Thieves, Murder—Fire.

Kit. Haud your Noise, what is the Woman shouting for.

Joan. (*louder*) Thieves—Thieves.

Kit. (*takes up his Slipper, and threatens her.*) Devil take that shrill Pipe of thine—a Note lower, or I'll—

Joan. What are you? who are you? how came you here?

Kit. (*laughs*) Ha, ha, ha, merry enough, i'faith—

Joan. Oh Lord! our *Kit!* why, I left thee just now in the Constable's Kirchen; I staid but one Moment at Goody *Tattle's*, to bid her take her Cow out of the Lees, and see thou hast slept home, and got into the Bed before me—

Kit. Let us hear that again; where did'st thou leave thy Husband, do'st thou say, good Woman.

Joan. I tell thee *Kit*, I left thee drunk at the Constable's House, and I marl how you got home so soon.

Kit. Haud you—haud ye'—not so fast Woman, (*shows the Silk Night-Gown*) your Husband, I suppose, wears no such; he's an honest Fellow, a'loves a Cup of Ale, that's a small Fault. (*To Joan*) go home, my Servants shall bring him hither—

Joan. Oh! Gemini! this is not our *Kit*—a fine silken Gown. (*She handles it, shrieks and runs off.*) Oh the Father!

Enter

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Enter a Countryman, smoking his Pipe.

Count. Odds'nigs, *Kit*, give me my Shoe'n, done or undone, I'll stay no longer for 'en; E—ale and Polith-tricks, will be thy Ruin. (*Kit puts his Hands aside, and looks scornfully at him.*) Come, Neighbour *Kit*—what the good Hour! why does thou frown, and straddle about like one of your Actors in a Stage Play! speak Mon, give me thy Haund, does thou not know thy old School-fellow *Gaffer Hobson*.

AIR XIV. *Stony-hearted Meggy.*

*You'd better abide at home, I se tell thee to thy Face,
Then thiek Way idly roam, as tho'f you had lacked Grace;
For Kit'n zurely thou'rt mad, to meddle in State Affairs;
An thus you go on, soft Lad, mayhap you may lose your*
(*Exit.*)

Enter Joan, running.

Joan. Ah *Gaffer*! *Gaffer*! was ever poor Woman so used by a Knave, that hadn't a Sho'n to his Foot, 'tis very well known, nor a Rag to his Back, till I took him out of Goal, and cloathed him!

Kit. Look'ee *Joan*, that I don't use any Discipline to thee now, if I can guess that thy Husband's Temper, may be a Proof that I am not thy Husband—tho' this Place seems to me to be a Cobler's Stall; 'tis all a base ignoble Dream—so be peaceable, Woman, and presently too, or else I know by some infallible Symptoms, that I shall dream of strapping thee most confoundedly.

Count. This is all Pride and Idleness; he would always be meddling with your Cudgel-playing, and State Matters.

Joan. To be sure our *Kit* is mad! (*aside*)—come *Kit*, I won't be angry, lie down in Bed, do you so, and I will get a Cardous Poffer, and thou shalt sweat a little.

Count. Look'ee, my Lord Cobler, I don't come to preat with you about your Poliricks, or outlandish Affairs.—my Mind gave me a Twelve-month agon', that you would

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would be mad, or hang'd; donno' dunder my Head with Nonsense.——I am come in an honest way, to pay Thirteen-pence I ought you, and take my Sho'en an' they be soled, and Heel-piec'd——so my Lord, if you pleas'n, as they say'n, to wax one End of Thread, and take your Awl for a Minute, you may be an Emperish, or a Lord afterwards, and welcome.

Kit. Hah!—Thirteen-pence does thou say——Thirteen pence is, indeed, a considerable Sum! and seriously now, I don't find that my Lordship has any Money at all—I suppose, my Steward keeps my Cash—ay, but where is he? the Scoundrel is vanish'd—well, I don't know what to do—my Mind misgives me, that I've Ingenuity enough to earn a Penny in an honest Way, tho' I sole a Pair of Shoes by Instinct——od' I'll try——(*sits down to Work*) *Joan*, take the poor Fellow's Thirteen-pence, (*Countryman laughs*) and bring a double Flaggon of *Cicely Gundy's* Stingo; I think I heard of such an Ale-wife when I was in *England*.

Joan. I am glad to find his Mind earns towards his Business again—I'll terch his Ale, we must not cross 'en. (*Exit Joan.*)

Kit sets down to work, and sings.

A I R XV. *Molly Mogg.*

*When I was contented to labour,
All Day in my Stall at old Shoes,
At Night I could go with my Neighbour
And toss off a Bumper of Booze.*

*At present my Lordship's so sober,
I have not the Price of a Quart;
To purchase a Pot of Otcher,
I'll fall to my primitive Art——*

(*Whistles after the Song.*)

(*After the Song, he leaves his Stall and comes forward.*)

Kit. Honest *Kit*, my Lord *Kit*, for which of you I speak to, I cannot tell at present; give me then a patient Hearing—the Question then between me and myself, is, whether I'm a dreaming Lord and a waking Cobler? or a dream-

a dreaming Cobler and a waking Lord?—Yesterday my Servants were all *Spanish* Gentlemen, my Wife was a Lady; my Bed all Silken; my House as big as a Church; my Meat so good I could not tell what it was; and my Booze as good as was ever tipp'd: All these Things, I say, did appear to these Eyes of mine, (if these Eyes of mine are mine, and then open to me their natural Lord and Master) and now, this Morning, my fine Lady is turn'd into a scolding Vixen; my great House into a wretched Hovel, my spacious Chamber into a Cobler's Stall, and my Silken Bed into musty Flocks, and filthy Woollen——in short, all Things appear to be the rascally Appurtenances of *Kit* the Cobler—I'm horribly transmogrified from Day to Day: Pho! Pox! it must be so—I'm but a Cobler after all, at least I'll fix here; now 'tis better to be some Body than no body, however—

Enter Joan, and Countryman.

Joan. Ah! *Kit'n*, *Kit'n*, how do'st do; art thou out of thy Connundrums yet Mon. (*giving him the Flaggon.*)

Kit. Welcome to my Arms once more; (*drinks*) it makes me weep for Joy, to see my old Friend and Acquaintance——what Wonders do'st thou do?——as *Sir Charles* used to say; thou makest Men plot without Brains; fight without Courage, and rebel without Reason; to thee, my Dearest, I owe that I was a *Spanish* Lord last Night, and for thee I owe *Cicely Gundy* the Lord knows what: (*drinks*) So Neighbour *Hobson*—here's to you—

Count. See, see, *Joan*, how he pulls—what is all out.

Kit. Ay, an' it were ten Fathom deep——come *Joan*, as I was a Lord of my own making, I unlord my self again, and acknowledge thee for my lawful Wife.—

A I R XVI. What tho' they call me Country Lads.

*Forgive me now for what is past,
Henceforth I'll keep within my Last,
And though no Lord be bolden fast*

In honour still to you:

*I'll give no Cause to thee to moan,
I'll be thy Kit, and thou my Joan,
Nor shall we ever lig alone,*

As our Betters often do.

Enter

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Enter Squire Jolly's Servants dress'd, as before, like Spaniards.

Diego. I was afraid his old Distraction would return.

Ant. Why, this is very Witchcraft! see how he has set himself down to work like a poor Cobler!—

Lorenzo. My Lady refuses all Comfort, and has charg'd us on pain of Death to bring you back to your Palace again.

Kit. [*rises up; and flings away his Work.*] What—my old Friend *Diego*! and there's that Hatcher-fac'd Rogue that denied me the use of Madam Wife, last Night, I know you all very well.

Diego. We have brought your Lordship's Cloaths; will your Lordship please to dress?

Kit. Yes, Friend, quickly, quickly, [*puts on his Cloaths*] but, harke'e, Varlets! Scoundrels! are you sure now, positively sure, that I am your natural Lord and Master? [*aside.*] I'm devilishly afraid I am but a Pretender.---

Diego. Oh my good Lord!

Lorenzo. If your Lordship would confine yourself to the Rules of your Physicians——

Diego. These vain Imaginations could not prevail upon you——

Kit. Looke'e, honest *Diego*, I hate Physick, I abominate Doctors, I would not deny myself the Enjoyment of roast Beef and October to be an Emperor——What the Pox, will the Fellow choak me? [*Servants pulling on his Ruff.*] What is this Friend? What is this?

Lorenzo. Only your Lordship's Ruff.

Kit. Oons you must provide me with a Dog and a String too; or I shall break my Bones, I can tell you, for I cannot see one Inch of the Way.

Joan. Oh Lud! Neighbour *Hibson*! What is the meaning of all this?

Count. Meaning! Oons, the People are wild, I think! this is most certain some o'your Conjurations, or your Witchcrafts or Ghosts, as they sayn---'flesh, Ise e'en ready to sink.

D

Kit.

Enter

Kit. Hark thee, thou Witch of *Endor*! if ever thou layest any Claim to my Person again——I'll have thy Wainscote Hide stripp'd over thy Ears, and tann'd to make Soals for Plowmen.-----What a stinking Hole is this?

Diego. Will your Lordship use your Mule, or your Chariot, or your Litter?

Kit. I cou'd walk well enough, Friend *Diego*, if I cou'd but see my Way.

Lorenzo. We'll attend your Lordship.

Kit. Good Woman fare-you-well, commend me to your Husband, if he wou'd be sober he is a special Workman that is certain; I'll be his Customer, he shall mend my Shoes.

[*Exeunt omnes, but Joan and Countryman.*]

Joan. To be sure, Neighbour *Hobson*, the World is turn'd topsy turvey! — one cannot trust their Eyes or Ears——

Count. I think they have conjur'd thee out of thy Husband—Odsfish follow them, *Joan*; for be he Lord, or Squire, or Emperor, he is thy Husband, Woman, still—

Joan. Ay, so I thought last Night at the Hall House; but they persuaded me out on't, and to be plain w'ye, Neighbour, to be sure I did see our *Kit* just afterwards drunk in the Constable's House. He is, indeed, as like my Husband as th'of he were spit out of his Mouth, and yet I'm partly persuaded I may be mistaken----Prithee, *Robin*, go with me to the Constables; to be sure I'm in a terrible Quandary.

A I R XVII. A new *Irish* Tune.

*Though Kit'n is clad in Apparel so fine,
Attended with Gallants wherever he diné;
And tho'f he shou'd leave me,
He cannot deceive me,
For still is he Kit'n, and Kit'n is mine.*

*As true as a Spaniel his Master pursues,
Tho' kick'd and belabour'd with many a bruise,*

I'll

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*I'll follow my Kit'n,
Though I shou'd be smitten,
'Till my Hide is stamp'd over with blacks and with
blues.* [Ex. Joan and Countryman.

SCENE the Hall House; discover'd a spacious Room.
*The Cobler at a Table, strong Beer upon it, his Servants
waiting round him, and the Doctor at his Right-hand of-
fering him a Viol.*

Kit. Look'y, Doctor, make as many damnable ugly
Faces as you please, I'll not taste a drop of your 'Lixar.

Doct. My Lord, with the most profound submission,
'tis impossible to recover your Lordship without the ad-
ministration of Medicine.

Kit. Why then I will remain as I am---What the Pox
wou'd the Fellow have---hearkee, *Diego*---tap a fresh
Hoghead, I command you;---this damn'd Fellow de-
nies me use of Madam Wife---my roast Beef---and pre-
tends to be my Friend.---

Doct. My Lord, 'tis absolutely necessary your Lord-
ship shou'd bleed.

Kit. Hah!---bleed!

Doct. It will qualify this unnatural heat in your Blood,
and make it circulate more freely.---

Kit. You are a Son of a Whore, [*throws a Glass of Ale
at him.*] leave my Presence, I am not able to bear the
sight of you.

Doct. It is not you, my good Lord, who use me thus,
but your Distemper, which for that reason I am resolv'd
to conquer; it will be proper, therefore, to shave your
Head---after which we will make a couple of Blisters,
incisional in the Nape of your Neck, which will occa-
sion a plentiful Evacuation, and draw down the Humours
from the *Pia Mater* of the Brain, which Dreins must be
kept open by two small Ventages, that may not improp-
erly be call'd the back Doors of the Body.---

Kit. Back Doors!---thou most execrable, abominable
Spawn of a Glyster-pipe. Why, *Diego! Vicentio! Lo-
renzo!* What the Plague's to be done now? what am I
to be butcher'd here? this is a Plot, a villanous Contrivance,

vance, I see it plain---You are all Rebels, arrant schematical Hereticks, and have a mind to destroy the Church; Oons, what do you mean?

Doct. My Lord, I shall act only according to the Prescription of that most learned Doctor in the Faculty, Seignior *Palambrino lento galfrido Pedro de Mendoza*, who was a *Galenist*.---

Kit. I did not care if Seignior Doctor---*Mendoza Palfrey* and you, were hang'd in a String---Sirrah, I dismiss you my Service; I'll have no more to do with you.

Doct. Ah, my poor Lord!--- how sorry will he be when he comes to his Senses for thus misusing his faithful Servant---come *Diego, Lorenzo* hold him, this is the most proper time, the Moon is in the last Quadrant of the *Ecliptick*.

[They hold him, the Doctor draws his Incision Knife, while Kit struggles and cries out.]

Kit. Dogs, Rogues, Villains, low Church Rebels! I'll have you all hang'd.--- *[Exeunt Omnes.]*

SCENE changes.

Enter Butler and Joan.

But. Come, *Joan*, if you will promise to differ from your Sex, and be silent and obedient, we will e'en try and make a Match on't.---

Joan. So let our drunken Neighbour *Kit* lift himself with *Sir Charles*, a'n he con.---

Butler. Well, let us not cool on it---for Delay is as dangerous as Consummation before Marriage.

AIR XVIII. *Duffy Miller.*

*Content in wedded State,
A constant round of Pleasure;
We'll envy not the Great,
The Burden of their Treasure.*

*Nor live as Man and Wife,
Who by sad Miscarriage;
Kindle civil Strife,
And make a Hell of Marriage.*

[Exit Joan, follow'd by the Butler, dancing to the Air.

Enter Kit in a great Fury.

Kit. A Dog, a Doctor---a Devil; pray Heav'n defend all honest Folk from e'm--he must be a Patient, indeed, that can bear to have his Pocket pick'd, and his Throat carbonaded into the Bargain---but Justice and the Gods shall---

Enter a Servant running.

Serv. Undone! undone, my Lord!-----

Kit. (starts.) What's the Matter, Friend?

Serv. A whole Troop of Dragoons have surrounded the House, they charge you with high Treason, and say they have a Warrant to hang you upon one of the highest Elms before your Palace Gate-----

Kit. High Treason--Hah! I was once, it was true, a little inclin'd to Rebellion---but it was when I was a Cocker: Oh Lud! Oh Lud! what will become of me? Could you clap me into an empty Hog'shead in the Cellar, ah, *Diego*, do, do, for Mercy sake, (*on his Knees.*) and throw a Penny-Loaf after me, a Cheshire Cheese, and a Pitcher of Ale, I'll retire from this vile World like a Peace-making Minister-----

Diego. Alas, my Lord, who can keep a Secret when a Sword is at his Throat; they will put us all to the Torture.

Kit. Good lack! good lack! this is worse again than the Doctor's Receipt; pray Friend, what is your King's Name?

Lorenzo. Alphonso.

Kit. Oh *Alphonso*! why if you go to that, Squire Ad-dle-pate, and I took the Oaths to his Majesty at the Quarter Sessions.

Lorenzo.

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Lorenzo. So, so, you think taking the Oaths absolves you from every thing for the future—

Kit. Ay, for if a Man swears he won't be a Rebel, what signifies what he does after, you know?

Lorenzo. I fear, my Lord, your Servants have capitulated, for the Captain is coming in; but I know he will take your Confession to be true.

Enter Squire Jolly, as Captain of Dragoons, and Servants as Dragoons with him.

Capt. My Lord, I'm yours--- I've a small Affair to dispatch here, read this, my Lord, read this---

Kit. (crying) Lord Friend, I canno' read---

Capt. Read it to him Slaves. (*Diego reads.*)

Captain,

WHEN Pedro Lorenzo, Conde of Arragon, sees this, you are to execute this forthwith, except he give you good Reasons to the contrary, **ALPHONSO.**

Kit. An arrogant Conde. (*aside*) What's that?

Capt. Come, come, Friend, if you have a short Prayer, huddle it over, for I'm in haste.

Kit. Ah pray you, Mr. Captain, don't be in haste; give me leave to tell you, I am not the Person you take me for; I'm but a poor Cobler, Zir---

Capt. Very well, my Lord, you expect to die like a Man of Honour----Slaves, do your Office---

[*They put the Halter about his Neck.*]

Kit. Ah! Mister, dear Sir, spare me but one Word, recommend me to my Wife *Joan*, and tell his Majesty I can--not help (*cries*) taking it ver----ry ill at his Hands: Ah! but spare my Life, and I'll impeach and unrip the whole Plot.

Capt. You look so penitentially, I'll try you, if what you have to say deserves a Reprieve, you shall have it; come, begin, but be very clear.

Kit. Ah Lud! ay, Sir---

Capt.

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Capt. And full in your Discovery, without any Prevarication, or mental Reservation whatsoever; were you not among the Traytors, Villain?

Kit. I forget to remember, indeed, Sir.

Capt. Sir! you rather remember to forget.

Kit. I can't tell, Zir, my Memory quite fails me; beside I won't tell a Lye for any Man in *Preston*--so I won't--

A I R XIX. *Luben, &c.*

*I never from the strictest Tie
Of 'onour once dissented;
Zee 'an ye make me vorge a Lie,
Zo sorely you'll repent it.
Cb'am not concerned in any Strife,
Or in rebellious Pother;
Haud Captain, an' you take my Life,
--Con you give me another----*

Capt. Ha, ha, ha, the Rogue prevaricates; you have learn't this of your Betters, Sirrah: Come, come, off with his Head, he can have no farther Use for it.

Kit. 'Haud, 'haud you Maun, I do remember; first, then, I was drawn away, as Volk zayn, to drink your Jacobitish Papish Healths, which I did for the Love of the Booze only, as I am a Cobler.---

Capt. Well, Sir, go on.

Kit. Why then, Zir, when I was muggy, I us'n to leave my Stall, as the Zay'n is, and did unmercifully, and contrary to his Majesty's Crown and Peace, beat, bruise, batter, and knock down all sober and well-dispos'd People, and likewise did abominably 'spersè both King and Parliament.

Capt. Who encourag'd you to do all this?

Kit. The Right Worshipful Sir *Andrew Squib, Esq;* and the Reverend *Peter Puzzlepate.*

Capt. What Reasons did they give you?

Kit. Money and strong Beer; why what cou'd a poor weak Sinner do; the Parson frighted me with Fire and
Brim-

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Brimstone, and the 'Squire tempted me with Beef and
October.

Capt. O' my Conscience Friend, I believe thy Confession is pretty honest---do you promise to mend your Life for the future.

Kit. Most sincerely.

Capt. Get thee home, *Kit*, and mend thy Shoes, and let the Common-wealth alone.----Look upon those *Spaniards*, now their Whiskers are off, d'ye know them.

(Servants pull off their Whiskers.)

Kit. *(kisses them)* My old Friend *Peter Scape* grace---and *Jack Leather-coat*, Postillion of *Briton-hall*.

Capt. Ay, and there's your good Master Sir *Charles*, whose Advice if you had taken, you would never have fallen into these Scrapes, *Christopher*.

Kit. Ah! good your Worship's Honour, I beg your Pardon for being so free in your House, as the *Zay'n* is; in Troth, I am heartily glad this Matter is settled, for it is a terrible Thing not to know who one self is.

Sir Cha. Yes, and I will transform you again, if you don't promise to mend your Manners for the Future.---

Kit. Well, since *Joan* has seized on the Butler, e'en let her make good her Title ---I'll serve Sir *Charles* in his Stead, an' his worshipful Worship pleases---a Butler is a snug Thing, as one may *zay'n*. *(aside.)*

Sir Cha. Upon the above Obligation, my Cellar Doors shall be open to you.

Kit. *(bows)* Thank your Honour, to be zure I shall never forget your Worship's Kindness ---I'll from this Hour leave Sir What-d'ye-call-'em's Cellar, be faithful to your's, and for the future mix Loyalty with my Liquor.

A I R XX. New-Market, &c.

Kit sings. Since all things thus have a happy Event,
Let nothing our mutual Pleasures prevent:
Here Joy shall take Place,
All Sorrow shall cease.

Chorus

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Chorus. *We'll quaff Bumpers down,
And pray for the Crown.
To mad Politicians let all bid farewell,
Nor ever hereafter give Cause to rebel.*

*After the SONG, the DANCE is
performed.*

F I N I S.



PROLOGUE

Spoken by

Miss WOFFINGTON:

As graceful Thieves unwilling to depart,
Harangue the list'ning Rabble from the Cart;
Partly to move their tender kind Compassion,
Partly because it is the hanging-Fashion,
While Ketch, regardless of their Speech and Beauty,
Impatient waits to execute his Duty.
So Modern Poets in Heroick Ditty,
Prologue their Motly Audience into Pity,
While unrelenting Criticks stand prepar'd
To damn the Poets E'er the Plays are heard.
Our youthful Author fearful of his Fate,
Must write a Prologue——which I must repeat.
I beg'd that he might Read it to me first——
He did——and faith I thought that I should Burst.
Criticks I would allow he might Expose,
But then he was so smart upon the Beaus——
Why against such should Poets draw their Pen,
Who never drew their Weapons upon——Men?
He rail'd at English Lace, and Spanish Snuff,
In short I never read such wretched Stuff,
He prais'd the Ladies——that was well enough.
For running down the Fashion, I abhor him,
But after all I have some Pity for him;
The Fair he hopes will soften his Arraignment,
The Songs were written for their Entertainment.
And yet he dreads in so polite an Age,
To try the doubtful Fortune of the Stage;
Although methinks 'it is not very Nice,
E'en Coffey's Fancies have been acted twice——

28 JY 84

MUSEUM

While

PROLOGUE.

*While the pleas'd Audience unuseful Nonsense hears,
Fasten'd like Knights in Pillory by the Ears.
But if the Author be condemn'd at least,
Pity the Wishes of a Virgin Breast;
Let me your kind consenting Smiles bespeak,
And spare the Poet for the Actress' sake:
His not; alas! One His would cause our Death,
As Basilisks can Murder with their Breath.
Thus painted Bubbles gaily ting'd appear,
Wasted by gentle Breathings through the Air;
But if rude Blasts assail them, as they Fly,
Their lovely Colours fade, they Burst and Dye.*

EPI-

ERRATA.

Page 10. as I came by, read, I just came by. Page 13. for Ale, read, Awl. Page 18, for Content a true Friend's Conversation, read Content with a Friend's Conversation. Page 19 (throws some of it in the Fire) read throw some of it in the Fire, as connected to what went before, for Lumblar, read Lumber.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by

Miss VIOLANTE.

Ladies, this Night your Presence has agen,
Recruited all our Lilliputian Men;
To merit your Applause, we spare no Cost,
Nor is our Care by your Indulgence lost.
No more shall Play-House Brobdingnags conspire,
To burn our Booth with their Bombastick Fire.
I heard a Squeamish Prude say t'other Night.
(But Wives are not to blame, when Husbands Write.)
Lord, what's this World! to what a Pitch of Folly!
When we must have a Child to Act a Polly!
Faugh, who can bear a Lilliputian Play,
But we can Act our Parts as well as they:
Then should an Audience partially be Mild,
And Pardon little Errors in a Child;
Can they behold a Brobdingnag in Size,
Damn the good Tragick Muse, won't Passion rise!
Then we must have your Epilogues, expose
Our injur'd Harlequins, and wooden Shews.
Well, when I Marry, I shall be more Witty,
I swear my Fool shall Write to please the City.

